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# Mother Earth



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## Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

She looked younger than you. Her arms were draped in emerald tattoos of birds and trees that looked like they would fly off if you touched them, Flower petals floated from her hair with no exact origin in sight. And the air around you smelled like flowers.

"So, let me get this straight," you said, crossing your arms. "You're my mother?"

## Chapter 2 by ~Afraser~



"I am sorry I didn't tell you sooner." She said in her soothing voice that sounded like a rushing river, "I tried to send you messages."

"Wait... you... you were the one who shaped the clouds to say my name?" I said trying to process this.

"Ummm... yeah"

"Why couldn't you just TELL me? I am 13 and my mother was a mystery until now, I am not sure which I prefer; you or no one." I said in a raised voice, "So. many. years... wondering, why'd she

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Every night I dreamt about her. I dreamt about her in the form I tried, but it was never her. She and I could control the elements with the voice of the wind.

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"Wait... WHAT!?"

## Chapter 3 by Taras Pylypenko



I knew I had a natural affinity for nature and hated technology, but I had just assumed that was because I was raised as a farmer in the middle of nowhere, but now I understood.

Nah, I'm kidding. I was raised in Uptown Boston. and though nature was always intriguing, I prefer spending my time browsing the internet or reading fantasy books

"First of all" I said, Not a slight bit less confused, "What do you mean you 'tried to transform into a human,' If you're my mother, shouldn't you be a human?

"Well I-"

"Second of all" I continued "You can control the elements?"

"I'm trying to-"

"And third of all-"

that's as far as I got before a branch from the tree I was leaning on tried to strangle me

"I'M TRYING TO TALK TO YOU!" my supposed mother yelled, all of the peace in her voice had left, replaced by a rage nobody would have expected from her. The nature tattoos had erupted in flame. She waited a while before talking again.

"My emotions are controlled by the five elements" she explained, the fires on her arms fleeting and the nature returning. "The fire is my rage, the water is my sadness, earth, my shame, air, my happiness, and of course, nature is my peace."

I then proceeded to pass out from oxygen loss

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I woke up in my bedroom, I had fallen asleep in front of the TV. I could feel my heart racing, my breathing shallow, my hands cold. I sat up and rubbed my eyes, the light from the window illuminating my face. I saw my mother standing in the doorway, her hair messy and her eyes red. She walked over to me and took my hand, her touch warm and comforting. I looked at her and saw the love and concern in her eyes. I knew then that I was safe with her.

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"Took you long enough!" She said looking tired but still radiating the sun.

"WHY THE HECK ARE YOU HERE!" I yelled at her. She creeped me out at the start but now it was just getting too creepy. I am on creepy overload.

"I am here because I am your teacher." She said not showing any sign of anger, unlike yesterday.

"Get dressed and meet me outside."

And just like that she floated out my bedroom window.

"Wait... I don't know how!"

"Just try!"

I think about flying out that window and I think hard. All of a sudden I feel my feet lifted off the ground a few inches.

"I am doing it!" I yell to her

"Keep going!"

I think harder and rise a bit higher. I keep thinking and before I know it I am flying out my window and floating next to Mother Earth... No... My Mum.

"Right," She says, "Now that you have learned wind, onto fire!"

## Chapter 5 by Libby



"Fire?" I exclaim.

"Fire is the king of elements, my dear. It is the wrath that fuels the greed in man, the warmth that breaks an icy day," She chimes, her eyes alight with a swirling myriad of orange hues. Then in an instant a flame appears in her hands, spitting luminous orange flecks into the air around us. It spirals around her, diligently moving to her commands. "Now you try", she says.

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"I channel all your rage and..."

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"...anger and...and..." I stammered, my hands shaking as I tried to control the fire.

optionally chosen to abandon me for 13 years, surfacing without so much as a decent explanation! The fire suddenly started, consuming my hands, wrapping around my body.

## "What do I do?"

"Fire is a good servant, but a terrible master! You have to control it!", she shrieked.

but I couldn't. The flames slowly took over, ran through my veins, up to my heart, warping my vision with a curtain of thick, black smoke.

Chapter 6 by AquaticMuffins



"Wa..ter.." I remember croaking out as everything went black.

A cold hand firmly landed on my chest and my vision went back. Icy cold water splashed me as I took a sharp gasp of air. My mother carefully lowered me to the ground. "Try again." She firmly insisted. I scrambled up to my feet, attempting to wring the water out of my clothes.

"I can't do it.." I sighed defeatedly, shivering from how cold the water was. My mother placed a hand on my right shoulder and smiled. "You can do it! I know you can!" She cheered, floating back up into the air and motioning me to follow. I floated up, nodded, and smiled back. "Alright."

I can do this. I have to.

Stay in my hands this time.. C'mon.. Think thoughts that anger you. Gh..

Why did she leave me alone for years? Maybe it was for a good- No.. Don't go into deep thought now.. I have to get mad!

"I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING! GRAAAAH!" I yelled. Suddenly, flames erupted from my hands. How ironic. Now..

"Keep going! You can do it!" She cheered once again.

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She giggled. "Ironically, the fact that you can't think of anything that angers you enough made you mad. Well done, my child. Next up, water!"

### Chapter 7 by Allykat8888



"Water? I just made f-flames come out of my hands!" I said, doing an all too elaborate hand gesture. "And you don't even bat an eye... This is why.... Is that why you left me?"

"My sweet, you don't need my approval! Always know that I am here for you." My mum said, wrapping her long, graceful arms around me.

Tears spill from my eyes as I hold her tightly. She cares about me, when all this time I thought she neglected me. Abandoned me. But now I know...I know the truth. I dare to open my eyes and see water flowing around in mid-air, intricate patterns swirling and coiling. I tap my mum and she looks at me and grins with her perfect smile.

"You've done it" She says softly. "I always knew"

All of a sudden, everything went black. I heard a screech and my mother yelled at me,

"RUN!" She cried, "I CAN'T BEAR TO SEE THIS HAPPEN TO YOU"

I sprinted away, tripping over everything in sight.

I looked back and a beam of light shot into the sky, followed by an earpiercing howl.

### Chapter 8 by



The light filled my whole vision, and I was so overwhelmed until...

I woke up.

In my small bed in Uptown Boston.

The time seemed to fly by as I bathed in the dark, trying to find the only words to describe my predicament. How did I get here? See more of Story Wars  
Floating did we go? Did we go to the moon? What's that video noise?

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I jumped up from my bed and looked out my window, which was still open. Nothing was outside, save for the buildings, trees, streets, the usual. I was so caught up in my training I didn't pay attention to where we were going. Heck, someone could've saw us!

Questions swirled my mind as I padded back to my bed, sitting down and trying to make everything clear. I went over the events that had happened so far, as it was the only thing I could think of at the time. I have found my true mom, who apparently is some nature goddess or something, I can control the elements, we had a practice session until that weird blackout and light...

Wait.

I can control the elements.

I felt my heart race as I stared down at my hands, hoping that this would work. I needed to prove that all of that wasn't a dream. I needed to know if I could go and save my mom from that... thing that caused me to come back here. I don't even know what happened. Another reason to try to make this work.

I tried water out first, as I was feeling quite sad. I closed my eyes, channeling my emotions unto my hands, and took a deep breath. Opening my eyes, I saw...

Nothing.

No water at all.

I suddenly felt angry that it didn't work, and tried channeling all of my rage to my hands once more, hoping that the familiar heat and licking flames would appear.

Nothing.

So I kept trying. I tried and tried all of the elements my mother told me about, but I never

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she once again and now I'm stuck here. I'm not even sure if I'm still alive. No one would believe me that anything I say is true.

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But it felt so real.

That's why I'm writing this memoir, in hopes that my beautiful mother will find it someday and teach me more about the Earth.

I'll be waiting, mother.

(The group of papers were found on a tombstone outside the church you regularly went to. They were old, weathered, and were definitely not typed or written in pencil. The tombstone was covered in vines that sported the most elaborate flowers, mud and what looked like scorched grass surrounding the hidden resting place. Good thing the wind blew the hanging plants away, or you would have never found the place.)

**the end**

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